

Therefore, for steling of the rose,
I rede hir nought the yate uncloze.
A foulis flight wol make hir flee,
And eek a shadowe, if she it see.

HANNE Wikked/Tunge, ful of
envye,
With soudiours of Normandye,
As he that causeth al the bate,
Was keper of the fourthe gate,
And also to the tother three

He went ful ofte, for to see.
Whan his lot was to wake anight,
His instrumentis wolde he dight,
for to blowe and make soun,
Ofter than he hath enchesoun;
And walken oft upon the wal,
Corners and wikkettis overal
ful narwe serchen and espye;
Though he nought fond, yet wolde he lye.
Discordant ever fro armonye,
And distoned from melodye,
Controve he wolde, and foule fayle,
With hornpyes of Cornewayle.
In floytes made he discordaunce,
And in his musik, with mischaunce,
He wolde seyn, with notes newe,
That he ne fond no womman trewe,
Ne that he saugh never, in his lyf,
Unto hir husbonde a trewe wyf;
Ne noon so ful of honestee,
That she nil laughe and mery be
Whan that she hereth, or may espye,
A man speken of lecherye.
Everich of hem hath somme vyce;
Oon is dishonest, another is nyce;
If oon be ful of vilanye,
Another hath a likerous ye;
If oon be ful of wantonesse,
Another is a chideresse.

HUS Wikked/Tunge, God yeve him shame!
Can putte hem everichone in blame
Withoute desert and causeles;
He lyeth, though they been giltles.
I have pite to seen the sorwe,
That waketh bothe eve and morwe,
To innocents doth such grevaunce;
I pray God yeve him evel chaunce,
That he ever so bisy is
Of any womman to seyn amis!

EK Jalousye God con-
founde,
That hath ymaad a tour so
rounde,
And made aboute a gari-
soun
To sette Bialacoil in pri-
soun;
The which is shet there in
the tour,
ful longe to holde there sojour,
There for to liven in penaunce.
And for to do him more grevaunce,
Ther hath ordeyned Jalousye

An olde vekke, for to espye
The maner of his governaunce;
The whiche devel, in hir enfaunce,
Had lerned muche of Loves art;
And of his pleyes took hir part;
She was expert in his servyse.
She knewe ech wrenche and every gyse
Of love, and every loveres wyle,
It was the harder hir to gyle.

Of Bialacoil she took ay hede,
That ever he liveth in wo and drede.
He kepte him coy and eek privce,
Lest in him she hadde see
Any foly countenaunce,
for she knewe al the olde daunce.
And aftir this, whan Jalousye
Had Bialacoil in his baillie
And shette him up that was so free,
for seure of him he wolde be,
He trusteth sore in his castel;
The stronge werk him lyketh wel.
He dradde nat that no glotouns
Shulde stele his roses or botouns.
The roses weren assured alle,
Defenced with the stronge walle.

OF drede devoid, in liberte,
Whether that he slepe or wake;
for of his roses may noon be take.

AT I, alas, now morne shal;
Bicause I was without the wal,
ful moche dole and mone I made.
Who hadde wist what wo I hadde,
I trowe he wolde have had pitee.
Love to deere had sold to me

The good that of his love hadde I.
I wende a bought it al queyntly;
But now, thurgh doubling of my peyn,
I see he wolde it selle ageyn,
And me a newe bargeyn lere,
The which al out the more is dere,
for the solace that I have lorn,
Than if I hadde it never afor.
Certayn I am ful lyk, indeed,
To him that cast in erthe his seed;
And hath joie of the newe spring,
Whan it greneth in the ginning,
And is also fair and fresh of flour,
Lusty to seen, swote of odour;
But er he it in sheves shere,
May falle a weder that shal it dere,
And maken it to fade and falle,
The stalk, the greyn, and floures alle;
That to the tiler is fordene
The hope that he hadde to sone.
I drede, certeyn, that so fare I;
for hope and travaile sikerly
Ben me biraft al with a storm;
The floure nil seden of my corn.
for Love hath so avaunced me,
Whan I bigan my privitee
To Bialacoil al for to telle,
Whom I ne fond froward ne felle,

But took agree al hool my play.
But Love is of so hard assay,
That al at onis he reded me,
Whan I wend best aboven have be.
It is of Love, as of fortune,
That chaungeth ofte, and nil contune;
Which whylom wol on folke smyle,
And glombe on hem another wyle;
Now frend, now foe, thou shalt hir fele,
for in a twinkling tourneth hir whele.

She can wrythe hir heed away,
This is the concours of hir pley;
She can areyse that doth morne,
And whirle adown, and overture
Who sittith bieghst, al as hir list;
A fool is he that wol hir trist.
for it am I that am com down
Thurgh change and revolioun!
Sith Bialacoil mot fro me twinne,
Shet in the prisoun yond withinne,
his absence at myn herte I fele;
for al my joye and al myn hele
Was in him and in the rose,
That but yon wal, which him doth close,
Open, that I may him see,
Love nil not that I endure
Of the peynes that I endure,
Nor of my cruel aventure.

BIALACOIL, myn owne dere!
Though thou be now a prisoner,
Kepe atte leste thyn herte to me,
And suffre not that it daunted be;
Ne lat not Jalousye, in his rage,
Dutten thyn herte in no servage.

Although he chastice thee withoute,
And make thy body unto him loute,
Have herte as hard as dyamaunt,
Stedefast, and nought pliaunt;
In prisoun though thy body be,
It large kepe thyn herte free.
A trewe herte wol not plye
for no manace that it may drye.
If Jalousye doth thee payne,
Quyte him his whyle thus agayne,
To venge thee, atte leste in thought,
If other way thou mayest nought;
And in this wyse sotilly
Moreche, and winne the maistry.
But yet I am in gret affray
Lest thou do not as I say;
I drede thou canst me greet maugree,
That thou emprisoned art for me;
But that is not for my trespass,
for thurgh me never discovered was
Yit thing that oughte be secrete.
Wel more anoy ther is in me,
Than is in thee, of this mischaunce;
for I endure more hard penaunce
Than any man can seyn or thinke,
That for the sorwe almost I sinke.
Whan I remembre me of my wo,
ful nygh out of my wit I go,
Inward myn herte I fele blede,

for comfortles the deeth I drede.
Ow I not wel to have distresse,
Whan false, thurgh hir wikkednesse,
And traitours, that am envyous,
To noyen me be so coragious?

BIALACOIL! ful wel I see,
That they hem shape to disceyve thee,
To make thee buxom to hir lawe,
And with hir corde thee to drawe
Wherso hem lust, right at hir wil;
I drede they have thee brought thertil.
Withoute comfort, thought me sleeth;
This game wol bringe me to my deeth.

for if your gode wille I lese,
I mote be deed; I may not chese.
And if that thou foryete me,
Myn herte shal never in tyking be;
Nor elleswhere finde solace,
If I be put out of your grace,
As it shal never been, I hope;
Than shulde I fallen in wanhope.
Here ends the work of Guillaume de Lorris; and
begins the work of Jean de Meun.

ALAS, in wanhope?... nay, pardee!
for I wol never dispeired be.
If Hope me faile, than am I
Ungracious and unworthy;
In Hope I wol comforted be,
for Love, whan he bitaught hir me,

Seide, that Hope, wherso I go,
Shulde ay be reles to my wo.
But what and she my balis bete,
And be to me curteis and swete?
She is in nothing ful certeyn.
Lovers she put in ful gret peyn,
And makith hem with wo to dele.
hir fair biheest disceyveth fele,
for she wol bihote, sikirly,
And failen aftir outrely.
Al that is a ful noyous thing!
for many a lover, in loving,
Hangeth upon hir, and trusteth fast,
Whiche lese hir travel at the last.
Of thing to comen she woot right nought;
Therefore, if it be wysly sought,
hir counseille, foly is to take.
for many tymes, whan she wol make
A ful good silogisme, I drede
That aftirward ther shal in dede
folwe an evel conclusioun;
This put me in confusioun.
for many tymes I have it seen,
That many have bigyled been,
for trust that they have set in Hope,
Whiche fel hem aftirward aslope.

AT natheles yit, gladly she wolde,
That he, that wol him with hir holde,
Hadde alle tymes his purpos clere,
Withoute deceyte, or any were.
That she desireth sikirly;
Whan I hir blamed, I did foly.
But what avayleth hir good wille,
Whan she ne may staunche my wounde ille?